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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, APRIL 14, 1904. NUMBER 7

Every man owes to the world an excuse for being alive. Every man owes to the world his surplus over and above a comfortable livelihood.

WILLIAM KENT.

See Page 105.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

The Tower Hill Encampment

FOURTEENTH SEASON OPEN FROM JULY 1st TO SEPTEMBER 15th

IT is now time to make plans for next summer. Tower Hill is a place beautiful in situation, "far from the madding crowd," rich in traditions of earnest and free work and in the blessed memories of spiritual helps and helpers. There is a little colony of residents who seek retirement and renewal. There are a few cottages, rooms in long-houses, and tenting privileges; a common dining room, ice-house, water works, barns with horses, cows and garden, and the best of water from hydrants at the doors.

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Fifteenth Season, will extend through Five Weeks—July 17th to August 20th, inclusive.

DAILY PROGRAM---SATURDAYS FREE

Period I. 8:30-9:30—Science. Thomas R. Lloyd Jones, Principal of the Menomonie High School and President of the Tower Hill Summer School, in charge, assisted by Miss Rosalia A. Hatherell, of the Hillside Home School and Rev. Rett E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa. Major Study, Fungi; minor study, insects and birds.

Period II. 10:00-10:30—Normal Work. First year of the seven years' course in religion, "Beginnings; or The Cradle Life of the Soul." Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Period III. 10:45-12. First two weeks, studies in Sociology, from John Ruskin. Mr. Jones.

Third week. The Prometheus Cycle of Legends by Miss Anne B. Mitchell. This study is for the purpose of extending acquaintance with myths that originate with the early races, grow clearer in the heroic legends of Hesiod and Homer, attain large proportions in the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, find fanciful outlet in "The Masque of Pandora" of Longfellow, noble rendering in the hands of Lowell and Gœthe, and reach culminating expression in the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley.

Fourth week. Some of Browning's Dramas. Mr. Jones.

Fifth week. Recent Poetry. Mr. Jones.

Afternoons, no work, evenings, lectures, stereopticon exhibits, at pleasure.

Porch readings, when school is not in session, the poetry of George Eliot, with perhaps a preliminary reconnoiter in Dante, in preparation for another year.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR SUNDAYS

For full particulars concerning encampment privileges, address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen; concerning the Summer School, address Jenkin Lloyd Jones, both at 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1904. NUMBER 7

The Senior Editor takes great pleasure in commending to the young men who read UNITY this week the address of William Kent, recently delivered before the Yale City Government Club. One pastor has already ordered fifty copies to be distributed among the members of his class in civics. It's a word to be passed along.

We have not yet seen Prof. Henry Jones's article on "The Moral Aspects of the Fiscal Question," which is promised in the forthcoming number of the *Hibbert Journal,* but the union of the title and the man is sufficient to provoke editorial comment. Sir Henry Jones is a philosopher of profound insight; he is a skilful student and interpreter of poetry; his book on Robert Browning is clearly the most profound and subtle interpretation of that great poet. Strange as it may seem, it is left to such men to prove that the economies divorced from ethics and philosophy will inevitably prove uneconomical.

The *Ethical Record* for March, published at 33 Central Park West, New York City, seems to be unusually rich in timely discussions, even for a paper that is always rich. Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell, has a study of "The Synoptic Gospel and the Life of Jesus"; Dr. Franz Boas throws "New Light on the Negro" by exhibiting his remarkable achievements in Africa; Dr. Schurman, of Cornell, speaks out on the Philippine question, under the title of "A Great National Question," and there is a discussion of "The New Issue in New York Politics," by Hon John De Witt Warner, which is of interest far beyond the boundaries of the state of New York.

The "wanderings" of the Editor have delayed UNITY'S welcome to the new secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, the Rev. W. M. Backus, and at the same time UNITY'S word of cheer to the retiring Secretary, Rev. Fred V. Hawley, who takes up the pastorate of Unity Church, Chicago. By the same token Unity Church receives our congratulations, and the Third Unitarian Church receives our condolence over the loss of a congenial and efficient pastor. This is the second time the Western Unitarian Conference has bereft the Third Church. Once more it must face the dreary experience of considering candidates. We trust the experience will be brief and that soon its pulpit will again be filled by one worthy the high succession.

The friends of President Roosevelt justify the surprising appointment of one of Chicago's most persistent manipulators of the "machine" and ward bosses to the important position of naval officer with a salary of five thousand dollars a year, on the score that it was a "campaign necessity." Obviously the President himself thought it was a case where "party exigencies" justified a violation of the principles of sound statesmanship and the interests of civil service efficiency. By this time the President may reflect that, after all, principle and policy are not so far apart as they seem to be, when he realizes that "Doc" Jamieson's own ward, which has a normal republican majority of about four thousand votes, defeated the "Commodore's" candidate by over twelve hundred, and in his own precinct the vote stood 173 to 74 against the agile worker. Who will interpret the *mene, mene, tekel,* "the handwriting on the wall?"

We reprint in another column a significant editorial from the *New York Sun* entitled "Triumphs of Unitarianism." To our mind, a profounder statement of the situation would be, "The Triumphs of Catholicism." It is not a coming together of "Liberals," but a coming together of all devout souls. The mysticism (let the word be ever used with respect for it represents the heart of religion) of orthodoxy and the rationalism of Unitarianism are finding each other out and are meeting at a point distant from the point occupied by either one standing alone. Some kind of a catholicism is coming and must continue to come. It is dangerous in these days to continue to plead for distinct organizations and loyalty to traditions for *strategic reasons.* There is not much inspiration in trying to galvanize into life a church when its fundamental contention has been outgrown. Not only creeds but sects die from being found out. The point of union is not a reconciliation of philosophies or a revisal of creeds, but it is to come in a renaissance of ethics, an increase of human interest, the interpretation of religion in terms of sociology, which is simply a new-old way of coming to God, of finding "that better part that cannot be taken away."

The orthodox papers are exercised over the declaration of the Moderator of a Presbyterian assembly recently gathered at Denver, that "the Christian Endeavor movement is a spent force." Of course the *Christian Endeavor World* is prompt in its resentment of the charge. It admits that the "era of banners, badges and conventions" is gone or is going, but argues that it is settling down now to quiet, steady service. This is but another way of admitting, to our thinking, that the age line is passing, and when the age line passes, the Christian Endeavor Society comes to be but another name for the church or else another movement

seeking to supplant the church. UNITY has always held that any attempt to segregate the young from the old, in the church or in the interest of religion and morals, is, to say the least, an exceedingly dangerous experiment. Herein lies the danger of the Sunday-school, and unless it can be made an inherent part of the church, with methods and lessons and personalities that command the interest of all ages, it is of questionable service and sooner or later must go. There is such a thing as age in intelligence and interest, but such a thing as an "age line" in religion and morals can scarcely be said to be. The worship that is to help the young must be such as to express the aspirations of the aged; and the morality that is to satisfy the mature must be presented in such a way as to impress the growing in their immaturity.

The trial of Professor Bowne of the Boston University for heresy by a Methodist conference in New York, was short and decisive. It was behind closed doors, and the conclusion arrived at seems to be that Professor Bowne was sound in his theology. The outer world, not knowing the details of the discussion, will rest in the assurance that this trial has not proved the orthodoxy of the learned professor of the Boston University so much as it has proved the growing laxity and universal heresy of the Methodist church, its creeds and formulas notwithstanding. In spite of, if not on account of these, the Methodist church has yielded hopefully to the law of life and has grown intellectually and spiritually as well as morally. In this episode concerning Professor Bowne, the church says in effect, "Alas for the preacher or the church member who is not affected by the discoveries, the experiences and the spiritual expansions connected therewith since the days of the fathers." This makes it harder than ever for the Methodists to be consistent, but no harder than it is for any living thing to be consistent with its past. Religion is a growing thing; spirit must continue to fill the words with new meanings and to write between the lines, until in the fulness of time the words are revised and the lines re-cast. UNITY, which belongs to no denomination because it would fain belong to all the denominations, finds its place in Methodism enlarged by the recent decision.

The sudden death of Rev. William Ellery Copeland, which occurred at Burley in the state of Washington on the 30th of March, leaves another gap in the ranks of the Old Guard that pioneered liberal ideas in the West. He fell from a stroke of apoplexy while at work on his new home in the Co-operative Community, of which he was an enthusiastic as well as a useful member, finding a congenial task in the editorial department of the *Co-operator,* published in the interest of that Brotherhood. Mr. Copeland was born to be a pioneer. He was restless unless on the march; he was happy on picket duty, and had the unfailing supply of cheer, enthusiasm and hope necessary to one occupying such a post. Born in Roxbury, Mass., sixty-six years ago, a graduate of Harvard College in 1860, a member of a famous class, he promptly enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War and saw active service in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts. He entered the Harvard Divinity School in 1863, and three years later took up the work of an Unitarian minister, which soon carried him West. Emporia and other points in Kansas, Lincoln and Omaha, Nebraska, knew his heroic service. On the crest of the western wave he was carried to the Pacific coast, where his Unitarianism became more and more merged into the philosophic and sociological movements, so naturally affiliated therewith. It was not easy to fix a label on Mr. Copeland. He was not the man to inspire trust or to draw much support from any headquarters; indeed, he was not of the "successful" kind; there is not much chance for "building" on the picket line; but Mr. Copeland succeeded beyond success because always and everywhere he was beloved by the few, and had himself known the joys of a loving, trusting heart. As already intimated, he knew the boundless inspirations of one who had a passion to think; who was a tireless seeker; he was ever in quest of the Holy Grail and always in league with the intangible and a devotee at the shrine of spirit. He was not afraid of "bugaboo" words. "Spiritualist," "theosophist," "socialist," were words that did not scare him, but which did not in his mind carry him beyond the loyalties, fellowships and traditions of his Unitarian antecedents and comrades. In bidding farewell to the comrade of many years, we can but rejoice at his happy going hence; it is surely as he would wish. Could he have anticipated his going hence by a moment, he doubtless would cheerfully have exclaimed:

> "If my bark sink
> 'Tis to another sea."

Harvard, Columbia, Johns Hopkins and perhaps other universities are being favored by a visit from Professor Butcher, who for over twenty years has been professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, and who in connection with Andrew Lang many years ago gave to the English reader the delightful prose translation of the "Odyssey," making a new English classic of it. A writer in a recent number of the *Nation* calls attention to his lectures at Cambridge, in which he establishes an interesting parallel between the Hebrew and Greek contributions to subsequent ages. He is quoted as saying:

> The Hebrews, said Professor Butcher, were doomed to sterility. They had no public spirit, no art. Art, in their view, led to idolatry and was accursed. Even the searching for causes, so passionate a quest of the Greek, was vanity to Ecclesiastes. But what poetry they had! Consider the unapproachable beauty of the Psalms, the sublimity of Job, the grandeur of Isaiah. A considerable portion of the lecture consisted of an analysis and comparison of "Prometheus Bound" and the Book of Job. One rarely finds a finer piece of literary criticism than this study, which, we may be sure, will appear in book form. The story of the Jewish past is the story of the generation of man. History, to the Jew, is the drama in which God himself is the chief actor. Much of what arrests attention in the view of historians of other nations is nothing to the Hebrews, who always look for the underlying spiritual significance of events. Herodotus alone, in his search for the divine providence, approaches them.
>
> * * * *
>
> Greek culture was always a culture for the few. Even their wonderful artistic faculty, we must realize, was not possessed by all.
>
> The Greek was not much inclined to speculate about the future. "Uncertain is the future," said one of his

proverbs. But the Hebrew prophets laid hold of the future with invincible trust. The loss of the Hebrew's country seemed to point him to the city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God. "I do not ask you," said Professor Butcher, "to estimate the value of the contribution of each race, considered by itself alone, to our modern life and thought. Both are indispensable. Each is the supplement of the other."

The Dark Man's Burden.

There is so much sanity and humanity, so much insight into world-politics in a recent editorial found in the *Chicago Evening Post* under the above title that we take pleasure in reproducing it in such a way that it may do editorial duty in UNITY, a religious weekly, as it has already done for the republican daily.

There has been a good deal said and written about the "white man's burden," and not a little of it has been pure cant. But there is another side to the picture, and this reveals that the dark man also has a burden, and a most grievous one.

In the Kongo Free State he has been robbed, mutilated and murdered in a wholesale way that has shocked civilization. In German Southwest Africa his property has been seized, he has been flogged, imprisoned and shot, his wife has been made a beast of burden and his children have been tortured. In South Africa he is a chattel, the slave that works the diamond and gold mines.

In China he has been robbed of his territory until his integrity as a nation is threatened. In America he has been enslaved, whipped, burned at the stake and lynched. In the Philippines he has been introduced to the "water cure" and other "civilized" inventions; and in England but recently he has been considered but little better than a commercial commodity.

Look where you will on the native heath of the man of dark skin or in foreign countries where he has sought asylum, and you will find the black man and the brown man carrying a burden compared with which the "white man's burden" is a feather weight. If the dark man has been the white man's burden, the white man has been and is the dark man's curse.

And if the dark man finds his burden greater than he can bear and attempts to turn on his barbarous taskmaster, it is called a "native uprising," and soldiers are sent to show him his proper place in the white man's scheme of civilization and progress.

Belgium has done this with the natives of the Kongo. Germany is now doing it with the presumptuous Hereros. England and France have done it, and even the United States has not been wholly guiltless.

The white man's burden is largely a myth; but the dark man's burden is terribly real, oppressively heavy, grossly cruel and unjust. In a word, it is the white man's selfishness and avarice.

Reformation the Goal of Revival.

Not since the great campaign organized by D. L. Moody in the World's Fair year has Chicago been the object of so carefully planned and extensive a movement for the spiritual quickening of the life of its citizens as the one now in progress. This assault upon wickedness and worldliness, while inaugurated and pushed by the Presbyterians, is by no means confined to them, but is including most of the "evangelical" religious forces of the city.

Surely no one can hesitate for a moment to admit the crying necessity of some influence which shall tighten the popular grip upon the worthier things of life and somewhat relax it upon things material and mechanical. There is abundant evidence that the municipality, although the day seems breaking in some quarters, is still sordid and time-serving to a degree. Following a period of unprecedented commercial prosperity, there has probably never been a time in the history of the city when, in proportion to pressing needs and abundance of means for relieving them, every good cause has suffered for lack of financial support as today. Amid great numerical, mechanical and monetary advances, the religious, moral and civic forces have been well nigh stagnant.

The direction in which this new and extensive effort for the religious awakening of Chicago will spend its force is an object of great concern to all. Too often, indeed usually, such movements exhaust themselves in emotionalism. Numbers are individually roused to a keener sense of what is required by a genuinely Godly life. Numbers more awake to a clearer understanding of personal relation to divine things and attain to a more intelligent belief. There, however, the visible results ordinarily cease. These things are good. Amendment of life and conduct should, of course, follow conviction and repentance of sin, as happened to the old grocer woman, who could tell neither text nor subject of the sermon, but only knew that when she got home she burned her half-bushel!

What is devoutly to be hoped at this time, however, is that the energy developed by all this spiritual friction shall not be wholly expended vertically, but a measurable proportion of it utilized horizontally in the promotion of civic righteousness. The common weakness of revivals has been due to the features which, during the first British tour of the American evangelists, Moody and Sankey, in the early seventies, *Punch* good naturedly satirized in the following lines:

> "Preach not, O Moody, that doing is damning;
> Sing not, O Sankey, that working is sin;
> If piety be not emotional shamming,
> Old Duty's bed-rock is the place to begin."

The tide that withdraws into the bosom of the ocean in its ebb, comes back with a rush in its flood and sweeps away the unsightly and malarial accumulations that have gathered during its absence. We may best judge whether the present situation represents a true withdrawing into God or merely an artificial simulation of spiritual renewal by observing what happens when the tide turns. Will it re-enforce the social conscience? Will it cover the dry sand of the boulevards and challenge the complacency and self-approval which passes for religion? Will the keeper of the saloon and the proprietor of the dive fear lest the white light of aroused public sentiment be turned upon them? Will the grafter in politics and the political charlatan find themselves confronted with a kindled zeal for justice and honesty in municipal affairs, such as make the crooked statesman dread "the terrible non-conformist conscience" in Great Britain? Will the churches themselves gain a new access of enthusiasm for their work

and opportunities, and press beyond the stationary boundary which has so long marked their frontier? Will there be new adaptations to present needs and changed conditions? Will there be widening of sympathies and enlargement of confidence through which the whole religious, ethical and moral resources of the city may join hands for its corporate salvation? If it do these things, then will it be a revival indeed; if it be but the simulacrum of one, it will stop short of true reformation. By its fruits we shall know it.

G. R. P.

Editorial Wanderings.

At Berea.

The story of Berea College is an educational romance; it is an idyll of reform, if indeed it may not assume the proportions of an epic. The Editor in his wanderings managed to swing around to Berea College, Ky., on his way home and found himself at home. The very hills, streets and "mountain" scenes were familiar, for had he not been student, professor and trustee in the spirit of Berea throughout its entire history? The story of its anti-slavery antecedents—Fee, Cassius M. Clay, Rogers, Fairchild, Frost and the other members, was familiar to him.

He found the spirit tense at Berea. It was only a few days before the President was to leave for Cincinnati to meet the Board of Trustees to discuss what to do in the dire predicament thrust upon the management by the recent act of the state legislature, which ordains that after the first of July next it will be a penal offense to teach together representatives of the black and white races in the State of Kentucky, —and this is just what has been done at Berea successfully and naturally for forty years or more. Here is a great educational plant representing an investment of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars, four thousand acres of land, with a charming campus, well furnished with stately buildings, with a curriculum up to date, a devoted faculty, an inspiring history—a field most unique, menaced by the law-making power of Kentucky. This would seem to be high-handed interference with established history, a legal tampering with the rights of the dead, an unwarranted harking back to old-time prejudices, cruelties and tyrannies which have so stained the pages of Berea in the past.

Whatever the immediate cause for the action of the state legislature may have been, it certainly was not local or internal at Berea, for the twenty-five per cent or less of colored students who there naturally take their places in the class room and on the campus are not now and never have been the source of the slightest scandal or social infelicity. The colored students have a place at Berea as normal as at Ann Arbor or any other of the thousand high schools and academies of the north. The white mountain people, which is the unique constituency, have few slave-holding or slave-feeling traditions; they are themselves representatives of poverty and of labor.

But of those mountain men we must speak more in detail in further "Wanderings"; suffice it in this issue for the Editor to indicate his own attitude and to furnish his further editorial comment by offering as an open letter to the readers of Unity a portion of a communication which he ventured to write to the care-burdened and consecrated President a few hours after bidding him goodbye, for so short was the visit, so large was the problem, that all expression was inadequate, although an opportunity had been given him to speak to the great congregation of students, eight hundred or more, in the tabernacle in the morning; to the hundred or more needle women at the afternoon "Industrial," representing the women who had come afoot and a horseback from the adjoining country, high and low, to work together on domestic lines and in the interests of the home; and in the evening to speak to the College Convocation of seventy or more teachers, superintendents, tutors and foremen,—and still, after all this, the Editor yielded to the pressure of trying to say it again in some such way as this:

"The crisis, to my mind, is nothing less than momentous. I would speak in the interest of that intangible Berea which is independent of local interests or state legislation. Berea was born out of a high idealism and it has cost a measureless price. Its fundamental purpose as well as administration was to amelioriate race prejudices, to emphasize the unlimited brotherhood. The recent act of the Kentucky Legislature would seem to compel a choice between obligations which you owe to the dead, to a heroic past and to a prophetic future, and to the recent legislation which I believe represents a reactionary wave in state politics. It does not represent the permanent trend of things or the 'sober second thought' and academic judgment of the best people in Kentucky, still less the continuous and increasing logic of events. How to be true to your trusts and at the same time not to violate the law of the land is your high perplexity.

"One thing is clear to my mind—that the fundamental trust of Berea is to offer co-education across all sect, sex and race lines, and the continuation of its work on any principle of segregation, such as is asked for by the recent law, would be the death of the old Berea—its spirit would be violated and the trust betrayed.

"I believe I speak for a large multitude when I venture to beg temporary suspension rather than the permanent abandonment of the present spirit and the trusts that spring therefrom. Let the law be carefully tested and interpreted. Do everything you can with the funds and the retained faculty under its rulings. Start a campaign of education, increase your normal work in the field, put your teachers on the road, and let the better judgment within the state and your friends without the state, work and wait until two years hence, or, if need be, ten years hence, the unjust legislation will be righted. Meanwhile, if necessary, let the doors of the classrooms be closed and on each door be hung the placard,

"*'Closed by Order of the State Legislature.'*

"During this campaign of education the way will open and you will see how to do the next best things. Let it be understood that if Kentucky persist in rejecting you, you are solicitous for the opportunity of

continuing the work in any other state represented in the "Appalachian America." If all these states refuse you, then cross the river to Ohio, as Eliza did on the ice. Your vested funds will grow, your spiritual potency will be immensely increased, and the very grotesqueness of the situation will gather inspiration for your cause. A college of ideal ethics, a school dedicated to humanity on wheels out in search of a home, will compel a home.

"More than school opportunities, the colored race and the "Mountain men" need a demonstration that at least *some* colored people and *some* white pupils in *one place* south of the Ohio, as in so many places north of it, can enjoy the privileges of co-education without sacrificing the self-respect or the higher spiritual life of either. This does not solve the question for other places or for other representatives of either dices and to mitigate bitter antagonisms. This method I believe will appeal to the cultured representatives of the academic life of the South who do not believe in the methods of Berea, or who at least think that the time has not come for any extension of the same.

"Let us not be in a hurry; this is not the first time that Berea has been interrupted in its prophetic tasks. Let us not be goaded into hasty actions by present interests and pressing concerns. Let not money consideration or the statistics of success sway us from our fundamental faith in the God of Progress, of Right, and of Love.

"All of which I humbly submit as a humble member of the spiritual compact represented by the Berea of the past which calls for a worthy Berea of the future."

The Board of Trustees, who have met at Cincinnati, have taken steps to test the constitutionality of the new law. Meanwhile, Berea College goes on, trusting in its future. J. LL. J.

"The Divine Master, the great Democrat of all the years, the cornerstone of whose doctrine was the democratic truth that proves it divine, 'the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man,' expressed in the injunction, 'He shall be chiefest among you who is servant of all,' was no Mohammed converting men to the true faith by fire and sword, but a Life, a Word, a Germ, a Leaven; a Life to imitate; a Word calling new-born men to holier purposes; a Germ to grow throughout all time and to indoctrinate all mankind with its disease-killing properties; a Leaven to leaven the whole lump of humanity so that it shall finally burst its selfish crust, so that it shall some day cease to be true that 'man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' Surely it cannot be the mission of the Christian democracy to imitate Mohammed rather than Christus himself—the Christ—whose life and teachings alone have made a democracy possible for any number of men."—*John S. Williams, of Mississippi.*

Mrs. Charlotte Weber Ditzler, who has made a special study of the genre types of coast life and has visited Cape Cod, has made a series of peculiarly effective illustrations in color for Joseph C. Lincoln's new novel, "Cap'n Eri, A Story of the Coast," just published by A. S. Barnes & Co. and already in its third edition.

THE PULPIT.

Working for Your City.

THE CALL, THE WAY, THE HOPE AND THE REWARD OF IT, WITH SOME PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

[An address by William Kent, Yale '87, of Chicago, delivered March 16, at New Haven, under the auspices of the Yale City Government Club, on the subject, "Municipal Betterment, Ways and Means."]

There is no more tiresome platitude urged by those who expound government than that democracy is on trial. Besides being a platitude, it is a falsehood. For democracy is no more on trial than the law of gravitation. It is the ultimate truth. And just as the child may come to grief in his experiments with the law of gravitation, so we may come to grief in trying, in our unripeness, to practice democracy. It is we who are on trial and not the only theory of government that can long subsist.

Democracy simply means a world tendency toward general uplift. Believing, as we must, that things are improving and that the power outside ourselves, which we cannot define, is working for righteousness, it is only a question of whether our adaptation of ourselves to democracy comes fast or slow. The hastening process must come through the leadership of the aristocracy—leadership by the men of clear vision, trained minds and altruistic purposes. And holding that you men of Yale are of the aristocracy, I am here to help the cause of democracy.

You are not the aristocracy by any accident of birth. It is a matter of indifference whether your parents squirted water into a mortar bed or into the capitalization of a corporation. Your claim to aristocracy rests first of all on the fact that in the formative period of life you are free from the dirt and temptation incident to the struggle for existence and so placed that you can absorb the higher ideals which the centuries have evolved. You are the aristocracy because of the atmosphere of Yale. The history of Yale and its graduates, from the declaration of its charter down to the last report of the reunion of the oldest surviving class, is one of public service, which can be nothing but the struggle to preserve and ennoble democracy. Your highest motto is *"Noblesse oblige"*; your highest endowment is that of clean, high-minded ideals. You cannot be of the aristocracy unless you are of the democracy. The aristocracy means relative standing in ideals, in citizenship. The moment that you fail to realize the ties that bind you to all humanity you become a class apart, whether snobocracy, plutocracy, or whatever name the pestilent sect to which you belong may be called. As much has been given you, so is much expected of you.

Believing in the good old plan of a text for every discourse, I offer you this one, selected from what seems to me the noblest poem in the English language:

> "Rejoice we are allied
> To that which doth provide
> And not partake, effect and not receive.
> A spark disturbs our clod;
> Nearer we hold of God
> Who gives, than of his tribes that take,
> I must believe."

That thought outlines distinctly the difference between public service and public spoliation; between politics in its sordid sense and politics in its higher sense.

First of all is the need of right living as a direct contribution to righteousness. The smart business man, the quack doctor, the lawyer who perverts justice, is not a good citizen. The man who evinces his lawlessness either in violation of law or ordinance cannot deem himself a good citizen.

In all the struggle of American democracy there has been no feature that is fraught with more serious problems than that of city government. There is no phase that has been so threatening and the reasons are not far to seek. Human selfishness naturally acts along the lines of least resistance. Human beings are essentially gregarious in their habits and the luxuries of city life even to the very poor are so great as to attract ever-increasing masses of people together. To despoil these great masses of people has proven an easy and profitable task to two classes of evil doers; first, those who traffic in public utilities, and second, those who profit by squandering the taxes and by representing the former class and misrepresenting their constituents in city government. Through these classes of evil doers and through the stupidity and inertia of the masses of the people they plunder, city government, in addition to being dishonest, has come to be fearfully incoherent and incompetent.

Our cities have grown so fast that they have not yet developed the municipal pride of stability of the older European cities, where many things are held in check that here run riot. It has not been until lately that thoughtful and earnest men have taken up the task of entering into the struggle to see if this municipal corruption, neglect and incompetence, which threaten our national life, cannot be, measurably at least, done away with.

The outlook is most hopeful. In almost every great American city the problems so long discussed by the student are being taken up by the citizen, fired with the intention of accomplishing results. Wherever these attempts have been made by men of strong enough fiber and of broad enough sympathy, they have met with a cheering response, and if I could tell you nothing else at the present time, it would be enough if I could make you believe that, in Chicago at least, where I have been in the heat and dust of the fight for ten years, immense results have been accomplished in uplifting the general tone of citizenship, although a superficial observer can see nothing but smoky air and dirty streets.

You men of Yale have done well to start this club for the discussion of municipal problems. Whether you know what your chairman requested or not, he did well or you did well through him, in asking for suggestions along the line of what practical things may be done by graduates in the way of helping toward municipal regeneration. Many of you, perhaps the most of you, upon graduation will naturally drift to the cities: for, whether for better or worse, the college graduate seldom takes to the farm; and your nearest activities, your most patriotic impulses, should be directed toward the things at hand, which, in my opinion, are not the small things but the greatest things you have to consider.

You must face the fact that the task will not be an easy one even if taken up in only the spare hours of your time. For, to accomplish anything, you must be upright and downright and must therefore find your enemies early in your strife, and those enemies will be of your own house. They will not be villains with dyed mustaches, nor will they all be dirty tramps that can be locked up in jail. You must learn to recognize them among the well-to-do of your acquaintance; some of them, men of influence and standing; men who are pious church members and good fathers. You must be brave in your stand and never count the cost, for of all powerful influences toward a higher moral plane I am fully persuaded that President Hadley was right when he declared the most powerful to be the social ostracism of evil doers, whatever their position. What you can accomplish must depend upon the margin of time that you can give as well as upon your varying abilities. You can all stand for clean, high, unselfish motives and all can testify to your faith by your deeds.

To give directions in general as to what lines of service are open is a task of immense difficulty and can only be gotten at by some rude approximations. Power of initiative is the rare thing that you must furnish. The first thing you should do, on finding yourself in a city, is to proceed to acquire accurate information about existing local conditions. For it is the lack of just that sort of information and just the breadth of vision and the sympathy with other men of good intentions, that makes the task of accomplishing results so unusually hard. You must learn your town in order to be a leader. You must be a critic and must realize that criticism must be based on accurate knowledge, which will permit you to do as much praising of what is good as damning of what is evil. The ordinary line of fault-finding is shallow, unjust and baneful.

As to how you should go about it to learn your town is also difficult to state. You should follow with interest the local politics as outlined in the most reputable and responsible daily papers of different parties. You should endeavor to become acquainted with men of good reputation in public life and question them as to conditions. Men will talk with remarkable plainness if they feel their statements are not to be published. In addition to these methods of gleaning information, it would be well to learn what you can from men in high position in the newspapers. The average city editor is a mine of knowledge; but you must realize that all these sources of information are apt to be uncertain and biased. You will have to weigh and sift for yourselves, except in rare cases. In almost every city you will find social settlements where the practical problems are under study and scrutiny. In Chicago, for instance, no one could go to a better source than to Jane Addams of Hull House, or Graham Taylor of Chicago Commons. In addition to these, there are always the reform organizations. But these, no more than the authorities first enumerated, are to be taken as infallible. Many of them are honest, forcible and direct. Others are shifty and cowardly and always aiming to carefully abstain from any act or word that may injure the pockets of those interested or the bank accounts of their friends.

This course of study which I have outlined is a long one and not an easy one, but there are certain lines of work which can be undertaken at once and certain basic hypotheses that must be taken for granted as postulates in all calculations.

The first of these and of greatest importance is the assumption of the merit system as opposed to the spoils system. It would but insult your intelligence to argue this question before you, but you would be surprised to find how vigorously the spoils system is defended by spoils politicians and their feeble-minded satellites. You will hear much of party responsibility which, in republican Philadelphia and democratic New York, and with changes of party in Chicago, has been accountable for the worst of misgovernment. You are justified in laughing at any man who has impudence enough to bring up these threadbare, wornout and discredited arguments.

No man who has not been actively engaged in political work can begin to appreciate what the spoils system really means. In the first place it means political service to a boss or bosses, in the place of service to the community. In the second place, it means the debauching of all the election machinery. In other words, under the spoils system, citizens are taxed for the purpose of being misgoverned and looted. You can do no better thing than to ally yourselves at once with any *bona fide* organization or movement that seeks to

extend the merit system. You should study the history and growth of the idea, carry it with you as a first article of your creed and fight for it whenever and wherever you can.

The next postulate is that national partisanship and policies have no connection with municipal affairs; that national party lines should be wiped out in city government; and that, pending their obliteration by statute, they should be ignored utterly by sane and sensible people.

When we in Chicago first began to demand honest aldermen, we were threatened with free silver. When we asked for a decent police force, we were met with Jacksonian eloquence and the doctrines of Thomas Jefferson. But if we have accomplished little else in Chicago, we have educated a great body of voters to see the absurdity of this sort of argument; they now realize that the flag will not flush the sewers and that Abraham Lincoln has nothing to do with gas or street car franchises. Whether you find that much or little can be done in this line, it is a fundamental proposition, that you should keep clearly in mind and never fail to expound whenever you have an audience. It is beyond belief, the hold that party claptrap has on the American people.

The third postulate in your creed should be the simplification of election machinery and the obliteration of the present absurd and imbecile primary and delegate system which, fortunately, does not hold in all our cities. The original theory upon which the delegate system was based, was that the populace would elect the wisest of them to select candidates for office. Whether this ever worked or not is doubtful. It certainly does not work today. It has been frankly dropped in the selection of the president, the electors having no voice or choice in the selection, but being what are known as instructed delegates. In the event of being equally divided, the election is taken out of their hands and thrown into Congress.

The present practice of uninstructed delegates is simply a device of political bosses to have the authority of the voters handed over to them to be used as best fits their purposes. In some cases it may result in worthy officials; in most cases it does not. But in all cases it is a violation of the democratic system of choice by the electorate. Whenever we consider the case of instructed delegates where men are elected and pledged to go into a convention to vote for a particular man, we find a system better in practice but still more foolish in theory. Why do not the voters vote for their candidates directly instead of voting for somebody else to vote for them? As a practical matter in municipal politics, the complications and difficulties in the way of securing proper delegates, even instructed ones, is such that the average city convention is always open to bargain and sale.

First, a direct primary law which recognizes the popular choice without any intervening delegates, hedging about the possible number of candidates by a requirement that they shall have on a petition the names of a certain number of voters of their party. This direct primary system is already in successful operation in some localities and would favorably affect state and national elections as well as municipal ones.

The second proposition, which is more radical, aims to obliterate entirely national party labels from the municipality, and provides for nomination by petition without any going to the polling booth prior to the election. Such a system would require great safeguards in the way of preventing forgery of names, but, if ever taken up seriously, this danger would tend to be obliterated just as mercantile forgery, although the easiest of crimes, is comparatively rare on account of the ease of detection and practical certainty of punishment.

These three foregoing postulates can well be taken as the beginning of a municipal creed when added to the ideals which go to make up right living in all capacities, even political.

But to get to work. There is no need of being fearful of making mistakes provided they are only honest mistakes, and you are safe in at once undertaking such political tasks as come your way, always reserving the right to desist from any given line at whatever time your conscience or your sense of both seem to urge such a course. It would be well for you to consider the possibility of working under the auspices of well-ordered reform associations; you can profitably put in your time in social settlements; you can enlist yourself in the petty primary machinery of political parties and take a stand for what is right in them.

Of course there always comes before your minds the idea of performing great service by holding office. This is something that the new graduate should not early conceive as a possibility, and if he is to hold any office in a great city, let it be as a martyr and not out of ambition. If there is any job so mean that nobody wants it except for the graft he may make out of it, that is exactly the job that the young man of high ideals can take and glorify. Running for an elective office is the most severe test of character of which I know and one that should not be undertaken until a man feels sure that his moral foundations and his knowledge are firm under him.

There must be men of character and intelligence willing to make the great sacrifice of being candidates for public office, but running for office is something that must be entered upon advisedly and must be by no means the first ambition of the man who would be a good citizen.

If you have time and have the ability, accept and fill any appointment that is offered you. But beware of the danger of becoming a pay-roll fixture. Every city can show many men who could hardly live outside of public office, largely because of the fact that they grow lazy in dodging their work.

And now I would speak to those of you who are judicious in the selection of opulent parents or who may hereafter acquire a surplus of money. The added strength which a surplus of means gives to a man in carrying out his ideals is extraordinary. The legitimate and proper expenses of a campaign are at the present time large. The means of obtaining publicity, in other words of letting in light and air on candidates and measures, is often expensive. The time often comes when a financial boost means the difference between dreaming and action. It is my opinion that money can be expended in no higher way than in backing righteous causes, especially when to the support that money will give there is added the intense enthusiasm of your own personality. It is not a question of giving a pittance. It is the question of backing the right thing just as hard as you can and as far as circumstances justify. Every man owes to the world an excuse for being alive. Every man owes to the world his surplus over and above a comfortable livelihood. Put these thoughts in your creed and when you are asked to contribute toward a cause which is a cause of righteousness and principle, do not give five dollars if you are worth five million. So much has been looted from the public to the degradation and destruction of civic decency, to be left by hands loosed in death to education and so-called philanthropy, that there is need of money used at once to prop the supports of good government. Search out your hearts as to your title to a surplus. You cannot but conclude that you owe it to society.

In addition to the evils, when you are investigating municipal life, you will find much that is good; you

will find much that is mixed good and evil; you will find many men working in a haze of unsure thought; many honest men working along what they consider complete schemes. When you find honesty of purpose you must be prepared to take it in by breadth of sympathy and openness of mind. Only in this way can you lead. None of the cults that are prevalent are all bad, and none of them are panaceas.

Here don't be afraid of names. Take socialism for instance. When you want the heart of socialism read William Morris' "News from Nowhere"; then realize that practically all steps at the present time that are being taken toward what we regard as better conditions, are along socialistic lines, although often in the minds of their promoters they may not be considered so. Municipal parks and playgrounds; extensions of education; the use of public schools for neighborhood centers, are a few examples of socialistic tendencies.

Don't be afraid of municipal ownership and operation of public utilities. That is coming in conservativ European communities far faster than it is here. It is undoubtedly the eventual outcome, and in my opinion it is going to be the pocket interest, which is the ever-present interest in government, which will do more to preserve our democracy than anything else.

Don't get scared at the word anarchist, which is only another name for individualist. The anarchist may be a murderer; he may be a business man who claims the God-given right to run his own business as he pleases, regardless of any analysis showing whether the public and his employes are not interested in what he calls his business. The anarchist may be a gentle soul with millenial ideas in his head, who dreams that the time is already here when men are so good that they need not be controlled by law; or the anarchist may be the man who perverts and debauches legislation by the purchase of legislators, juries and courts. You will find the theoretical and practical anarchists all up and down the lines of citizenship.

Don't let the most self-satisfied cult of all—the single taxers—swallow you up or drive you away. There is great truth in their basic contention, for under the private ownership of land it is theoretically possible that a man born into the world may have no place to put his foot, and, if there are any such things as inherent rights, this would seem to be one of them. Moreover, as a practical matter, taxation of personal property has never succeeded in being equitable since the beginning of history. On the other hand, the single taxers, with their scheme that will make everything right, fail to note that in parts of Russia where land tenures are adjusted on their basis, the people are just as degraded, just as poverty stricken, as they are under similar conditions of soil and population where the tenure is of a different sort.

Don't let the self-satisfied logic of *laissez faire* carry you away. It is too easy, but it does not work, and every present day tendency is against it. *Laissez faire* has not curbed the evils of the Standard Oil Company nor the general proposition of railway rebates. There is no such thing as competition in many lines of industry and the bounds of noncompetitive industry are expanding with every new trust, and human beings are not chess men to be moved from Pennsylvania to Kansas. I should say it is safe to assume that a little *laissez faire,* a little socialism, a little anarchy and a little Henry George are all good in their place. At any rate, go at them all open-mindedly and work with the good you find in each.

Don't rush to take sides with the labor controversy. When you are impatient at the excesses, the violence and the unreasonable demands of the labor unions, stop to remember that the laboring man has never achieved any betterment of condition except through his own co-operation with his fellows, and that the best minds and the most altruistic characters of the world have often been found working hand in hand with the toiler. Then take up the abuses and consider the hard case of the nonunion man and the boy who is not allowed to learn a trade under apprenticeship restrictions, and about the time you have boiled to righteous indignation at these things, turn over in your mind the case of Mr. Baer of Pennsylvania, to whom God has dispensed the coal in the bowels of the earth with the full right to handle, as he sees fit, the labor thereto appertaining. One thing you will soon learn as self-evident, and that is that the political and economic fallacies of our time are founded on the proposition of greed—that is, to acquire the most with the least possible expenditure of effort. This clarifies itself into a sort of a fund theory acted upon by capitalists at one end of the scale and laborers at the other; which hypothesis is that in the world there is a certain amount of wealth which each is striving to acquire—a fallacy obvious and evident to you who know that wealth is the result of production and not of grab. The great economic problem which enters so largely into civics is that of distribution.

This thought may seem to have little bearing on this subject, but you will find it has great bearing on the exploitation of public utilities in the cities and many of the labor questions which you will find there being discussed in the most heated way.

Above all things, be prepared to tackle your problems in a manly way. Inertia and despair are simply different forms of cowardice and laziness. Don't for a moment be deluded into the belief that the problems of a great city are hopeless on account of the vast numbers of foreigners. Some of these foreigners, it is true, are hard to assimilate, and the work will take years. No man could be more fixed than I in his view of the civic and economic necessity of keeping down and carefully selecting our future citizenship. But you must realize that the most desperate civic crimes are committed by well-to-do Americans; that the purchase of legislation is worse than the murder of the legislator.

Above all things, don't let people discourage you. After ten years of work in what appeared one of the most hopeless spots in America, I can assure you that in no other field that I know of can greater results be achieved.

Go into the work as beseems Yale men and college men and men of the aristocracy, knowing that it will cost small things and bring great benefit. You will lose fairweather friends; probably lose money, or the opportunity of making it; you will suffer deeply from a sense of your own limitations and from the knowledge that a little more work or a little more judicious work might have won the immediate fight in which you were defeated; but you will gain the friendship of honest people in every walk of life and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your beneficent influence is working in harmony with the power outside ourselves.

Whether you can give much time or little time is for you to decide. You ought to give all you can. You owe it to the centuries of suffering behind you; you owe it to the thousands of years ahead; you owe it to the world which you have defrauded of the productive years of education unless you pay for them in coin worthy of them.

Speaking from experience, I can testify that what little work I have done has given me an acquaintance with great numbers of good people and the friendships I most prize. I have a knowledge of things as they are, and, I trust, a sense of proportion.

The game is worth many candles. It leads to self-

respect, to a consciousness of power in the cause of righteousness. It is in line with the plainest duty. It is a joy to select your enemies.

Many times will come when, tired and for the moment discouraged, you will doubt the use of it all and reason with yourself as to the futility of struggle against selfishness, greed and inertia. Then, that you may be brave in the cause in spite of everything, recall Browning's "Childe Roland," a poem which is a sort of algebraic formula of disembodied courage. Read it down to the last line.

> "Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
> And blew 'Childe Roland to the dark tower came.'"

Assurance.

The period of life is brief,
'Tis the red of the red rose leaf,
'Tis the gold of the sunset sky,
'Tis the flight of a bird on high.
But one may fill the space
With such an infinite grace
That the red will tinge all time;
And the gold thro' the ages shine;
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the portal of God's own gate.

—*The Philosopher.*

"Over the Tea-Cups" With Henry D. Lloyd.

The Henrys of these latter days bid fair to rival the Johns of the past as reformers. Henry George wrote a book that has had a wide reading and a wide influence. I refer to his "Progress and Poverty" on the land question. And now Henry D. Lloyd has written a book—"Wealth against Commonwealth"—which bids fair to make something of a stir in the economic world, in fact has already made that stir. Having read this book with much interest soon after its first appearance, I have ever since felt a desire to meet and get acquainted with its author, and this desire was recently gratified.

In company with a friend I took a drive up the lake shore from Evanston to Mr. Lloyd's home on the bluff near Winnetka station, on the Chicago & Northwestern railway. Inquiring for Mr. Lloyd, and being told that he had gone out into his orchard, I followed in search of him. I soon found him sawing limbs from an apple tree.

"Is this Mr. Lloyd?" I asked. "That is my name," was the reply. "My name is Bradford. I was out with a friend for a drive, and stopped merely to grasp the hand that wrote 'Wealth against Commonwealth.'" Then, suiting the action to the word, I extended my hand, which he shook with the cordiality of a real reformer. I then gave him my card, which disclosed to him the fact that I was a clergyman. I did this with some risk to the warmth of the reception I was getting, since I did not know what his real estimate of the church and its clergy might be. But as soon as he discovered he had before him a minister who had taken some interest in his book, he dropped his saw, backed himself up against the apple tree, rested each arm on a limb, and in this "braced-up" attitude began to talk: "Clergymen and editors are two classes I specially aimed to reach by that book, and then, through these as a medium, the masses of the people. I have despaired of reaching the people direct, without a medium, for any reform."

I proceeded then to tell him of some press notices I had seen of his book in periodicals of my denomination—some favorable, some severe. Although it was almost mid-summer, there was a strong, cool wind blowing off the lake, and as I was already chilled by my buggy ride, he discovered that I was shivering so I could hardly talk.

"I see you are cold. Let's go to the house and have a warm cup of tea. It's about the time we have a cup of tea every afternoon anyhow."

"Thank you," I said, "I didn't mean to stop you from your work. I had no business whatever with you except, as I said, to express a little sympathy for you in your efforts to bring about needed reforms."

"Oh, that is all right. I was only taking a little recreation. I am glad to have a chance to talk with you. Call in your friend, and we'll all have a cup of tea together."

"I am glad I happened to find you home," I said as we walked toward the house; "I feared you would be away."

"I stay here as much as I can. When I get worn out wrestling with the problems of humanity I find this a good place to retreat and rest. A man would go crazy if he dwelt incessantly on the evils that exist."

"Yes," said I, "it is well at times to remember that God's in his world, and stop and rest awhile."

"That is it," he replied, "we want to look back two thousand years, and then we can see we have made progress. If we look at the world just as it is, without contrasting with the past, we'll be discouraged."

By this time we had reached the road that separates his front yard from the orchard, which extends down to the very precipice of the high bluff overlooking the lake at this point. Although Mr. Lloyd is reckoned a wealthy man—just how wealthy I do not know—yet his house and premises wear a rather plain aspect. Everything is in order, but there is not the gild and polish of a wealthy city residence.

The house is a large red brick, looking very much like the home of a well-to-do farmer. Although it is in the village of Winnetka, it is hidden away from the rest of the houses of the place and from the railroad by the dense timber—in the suburbs of the suburb, like; on this account it looks all the more like a genuine country home. Mr. Lloyd said he wished it was really in the country. He and Mrs. Lloyd have lived at this place thirteen years, and have lived in Winnetka altogether eighteen years. They have two sons in Harvard college.

My friend having been called from the buggy, and the horse and buggy ordered driven into the barn, we were taken into the house and introduced to Mrs. Lloyd and some visiting friends. Tea was then brought into the sitting room, and the conversation was resumed "over the teacups." The subject of religion and the church came up in some way, and I asked Mr. Lloyd this question: "Are you a member of any church?"

"No, I am not," was his reply, "though I was brought up that way. My father was a clergyman in the Dutch Reformed church, but I have somehow drifted out, and hold no relation with the church now."

"I was interested to ask you this question because when I read your book I felt that it must have been written by one who had the spirit of Christianity, whatever he might think of its forms."

"Well, I trust I do have its spirit, and at the same time I do not discount the forms. They are all very necessary. I do not expect as much of the church as an organization as some do—I mean in the work of reform. Any organization must necessarily be conservative. The general influence of the church is all right. The work it does in making conscience is what makes possible reforms of every kind."

"I am very glad to hear you speak thus of the church, Mr. Lloyd. You take a more hopeful view of the church than Prof. Herron does. He says the leaders of the pending industrial reform will come out of the church, but that the church itself will throw itself squarely across the back of refrom."

Mr. Lloyd then told me of a few letters he had received from preachers who were suffering as a result of their opposition to the inroads of corporate greed. He said he had no personal spite against the Standard Oil Company, but took that simply as an illustration of what monopolies are doing in these days.

The tea-cups were emptied, filled and emptied again, when the waning afternoon warned us it was time to go. With an earnest invitation from our hosts to call again, and a sincere promise to do so, we left with a feeling that however wrong Mr. Lloyd's head might be as to some of his proposed remedies for existing ills, his heart was beating in the right direction. The last two chapters of his book, on "The Old Self-Interest and The New," will repay reading by any preacher. Take this as a sample sentence: "The golden rule is the original of every constitution, written and unwritten, and all our reforms are but the pains with which we strive to improve the copy."

COLUMBUS BRADFORD, A. M.

Chicago, June 15, 1896.

A Triloogy of Verses from Rochester.

THE TEACHERS.

Ser Brunetto's Crown.

"You taught me how man makes himself eterne!"
So Dante thanked the teacher of his youth
In that strange pilgrimage beyond the grave,—
Nor found him 'mid the blest with Beatrice,
Nor yet with those who loved their swathing flame
And waited for the trembling of the Hill.
The word was coronation and Hell glowed!

And it was confutation of the Hell!
Who wakes in us the sense of the Eterne
That *is* whereof he speaks. Let Teachers all
Take cheer, in stress, from that far-shining word,
And; when their little Dantes cross their path,
Feel on their brows old Ser Brunetto's crown.

THE KINDERGARTNERS.

"We are laborers together with God."

Co-workers we with Him! If we were asked
To star with him the spaces of his night,
To light with him tomorrow's sunset glow,
Or fashion forth the crystals of his storm,
Or teach his sweet June-roses next to blow,—
That were beatitude! But, holier tasked,
Of all his works of beauty fairest—high
Is that he keeps like hands for us to ply!

When he upgathers all his elements,
His days, his nights, whole eons of his June,
The Mighty Gardener of the earth and sky,
That to achieve towards which the ages roll,
We hear a Voice, with all the spheres a-tune,
"Help me, my comrades, flower a little *Soul!*"

THE MOTHERS.

"God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers."

When amid all life's miracles I try
What highest argument may certify
That God is good, however things may seem,
On this I rest,—
And evil seems but dream—
That every little soul that voyages towards birth,
When it arrives on earth,
Makes land and haven on a Mother's Breast.

This, too, I think: If mother-rapture wait
Each helpless advent on Time's island-shore,
Must not Eternity, the continent,
Have harbors all as safe? We ask no more.

—*W. C. Gannett in the Kindergarten Magazine.*

"The Boss," Alfred Henry Lewis's successful novel, seems to be meeting with equal favor in the Antipodes, judging from the fact that a second Austfalian edition has just been arranged for by the publishers, Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co.

The Triumph of Unitarianism.

Recently two conspicuous Congregational ministers of Boston exchanged pulpits with two equally distinguished Unitarian ministers, and on Washington's Birthday the Congregational and Unitarian clubs of that town came together fraternally in a common meeting. These indications of a Congregational surrender to Unitarianism lead a Methodist paper, the *Zion's Herald* of Boston, to ask with some alarm if the doctrinal differences between the two churches have come actually to an end in the triumph of the religious school which rejects the divinity of Christ.

The question is pertinent, for Dr. Lyman Abbott, nominally a Congregational minister of eminence, expressed great satisfaction, at the joint meeting of the two Boston clubs, that there should be such an exhibition of fellowship; and he spoke of the theological separation between them as merely a difference in "metaphysical conceptions of the Trinity and the divinity of Christ." If this is the general feeling of Congregational ministers, there is no reason why the two denominations should not get together.

Such a prospect is contemplated painfully by the Methodist paper, for it "makes it harder for every evangelical church in New England to carry on its intrinsic and special mission," since "everywhere the tendency and drift, the spirit and influence of Unitarianism, not only chill and restrain evangelistic effort, but also condemn and ridicule evangelistic preaching and work." Unitarianism, says the *Zion's Herald*, was never more emphatic than now in the rejection of the prime article of orthodox faith; and in proof of its assertion it quotes from a tract by a representative Unitarian minister, lately published by the American Unitarian Association, concerning the Incarnation, thus:

"We shall see in these strange accounts of a miraculous birth, of singing angels, of the healing of the sick and the raising of the dead, only the wonder stories that blossomed in the imagination of loving but credulous disciples. We shall see no God masked in human flesh, no superhuman being vicariously suffering for the sins of a race, no personality or act or event that transgresses the laws of experience or that baffles the reason to explain."

This view of the subject, however, is not now peculiar to Unitarians, or to the contemporary Congregationalists who would affiliate with them. In an Episcopal magazine, the *Church Eclectic*, it is described as rampant in the Anglican Church, thus:

"Clerical correspondents in the London *Times*, and for that matter all over the church, are constantly telling us that they do not believe in the open and supernatural statements in St. John's Gospel, that the writers of the Old and New Testaments alike were allowed to grope their way in the dark, that the cause of God has been advanced by legends and fabrications, that Christ himself was very fallible and that the church at Pentecost was raised on a foundation of falschood."

As an illustration, this High Church critic of the school of denial quotes the Bishop of Ripon as saying that the argument that Jesus "was wonderfully born and miraculously raised does not evoke, at any rate today, an adequate and satisfactory response: even if it could be considered valid, it would not create a worthy or acceptable faith." In such ways, continues the *Church Eclectic* critic, "Christ's divinity is either openly or covertly assaulted, and therefore, by inference or direct assertion, his goodness denied, from numbers of Anglican pulpits and in books and pamphlets, until Christianity as represented by Anglicanism is reduced

'to a system of wilful deceit and shameless wickedness.' "

If that is the situation, there would seem to be nothing in the way of essential doctrine to prevent the unity of all of the school of the "New Theology" with Unitarians. So far as we have been able to interpret the somewhat loose-jointed expressions of Dr. Lyman Abbott on the subject, he is practically a Unitarian, and the Bishop of Ripon, in the remarks quoted, seems to put himself in the same category; in which, also, the *Church Eclectic* puts other Anglican bishops who "pull down to the level of the purely natural everything concerning the Incarnation."

If We Knew.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous, day by day;
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his hearth a shadow,
Leaving on his life a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds in Eden
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our manhood dare to doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheek tear-stained is whitest—
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to others' lives,
And with love toward erring nature
Cherish love that still survives:
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellow-men."

—*Morning Light.*

Lest We Forget.

In view of the length and the multitude of names which we are now expected to remember, there should be some special training of memory never before needed. Loisette will answer no longer, we must give time and strength and a prayful heart to the new training demanded. Our task is two or three times what is was a few years ago. Then initials played quite a part and we were entirely within the bounds of propriety when we said H. W. Longfellow, and J. G. Whittier; and among our own acquaintances we sometimes addressed our letters simply with initials. Many authors signed their names simply as Alice Cary and Celia Thaxter, while now the very newest and least important of them all must have three or four names to harass our souls—to say nothing of nom-de-plumes, which we are also expected to bear in mind. Three names to the author personally, and four perhaps to the nom-de-plume, is surely costly and ridiculous excess. One thing is certain, few of these many-named writers will become famous. There are bounds to human memory, and if you run over the table of contents of half a dozen magazines, and see the host of new contributors whose names you never saw before, but one or two of them will stick in your memory, and those the shortest of all.

If Mary McLane had been christened Mary Margery Malvina Melissa McLane, her name would never have gone thundering down the ages. It is bad enough when our favorite female writers marry. If they had three names before, we add another; but in case of a second marriage, where are we? Try once to read your wedding invitations, where Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Lionel Larimer invite you to witness the marriage of their daughter, Louisa Theodosia Genevieve, to Sidney Algernon Mortimer Mason. It makes you dizzy, and the effort to remember a dozen or so in a season is a source of the fashionable disease, nervous prostration. But think of the other names we must not trip upon. The opera-singers we dare not forget though our brains reel, nor the actors great and small, or the champions in the multitude of sports, for the great race horses, or the leading prize fighters. The young people would think us fossils of the deepest dye. We did try for awhile to keep up with the boy bandits, and the famous divorcés, but nature could not stand the strain, and we were forced to desist.

Then when this Russian and Japanese war broke out, many of us were committed to Bedlam and others longed to be, as there we could give up the struggle without feeling disgraced at our feeble mindedness. In a hospital for asphasia victims, one could happily forget Man-gyong-gong, Blagovestchensk, Malmyschskoie, and struggle no longer with Touchizaki-minwath, and Chhong-ju, and Dzanzin-Ressu.

We should then, perhaps, be free also from the necessity of keeping up with the slang of the period, which is something of a tax on the elderly mind. But the infant of today drops into it gaily. It seems as easy as lying. Since I had my last conversation with my granddaughter of four, I have also begun to have my doubts whether we shall ever reach a place where strict purity of language is insisted upon. This was the conversation:

"Grandma, I just saw God peeping out through that cloud, and he said, 'Hello, little girl.' And I said, 'Hello, God, will you take care of me?' and he said 'Yes-sir-ee.' I was thankful that she did not report him as saying 'you bet,' which I think she was quite capable of doing." It is not expected that we shall all practice what we preach, so I still sign myself,

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

The great Dowie is by no means the only "prophet" who at present contributes to the gaiety of nations. India can show his double, who in some respects even outdoes him. The Indian prophet's name is Mirza Ghulam Ahmad, commonly called Mirza Sahib; he is the head of the Amadieah sect of Mohammedans, which he founded, and he lives at Quadian, in the Punjaub. An Indian paper says of him that, by his fine appearance, his denunciations, his prophecies, and his gushing self-praise, he more than recalls Dr. Dowie. He claims to be the Messiah, to have inaugurated a new millennium, and that a universal struggle is now going on between the "good and bad attractions," which are respectively himself and his opponents. He liberally abuses the more "orthodox" Mohammedans, who repay the compliment in kind. He prophesies, performs miracles, which include a "symbolical raising of the dead," whatever that may be, and points to one hundred and fifty "supernatural signs" and thirty thousand guaranteed "answers to prayer." At one time he had a convenient habit of prophesying the death of his opponents, but as this contravened a section of the Indian Penal Code he was compelled to desist therefrom. His followers are said to number about ten thousand. He is sixty-five years of age, and comes of a family which has earned the fame that "religious enthusiasm, if not ambition, seems to run in it."—*The Christian Life.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

O Soft Spring Airs!

Come up, come up, O soft spring airs,
  Come from your silver shining seas,
Where all day long you toss the wave
  About the low and palm-plumed keys!

Forsake the spicy lemon groves,
  The palms and olives of the South,
And blow across the longing land
  The breath of your delicious mouth.

Come from the almond bough you stir,
  The myrtle thicket where you sigh;
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here
  The robin whistles far and nigh!

For here the violet in the wood
  Thrills with the fulness you shall take,
And, wrapped away from life and love,
  The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here in reed and rush and grass,
  And tiptoe in the dusk and dew,
Each sod of the brown earth aspires
  To meet the sun—the sun and you!

Then come, O fresh spring airs! Once more
  Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
  With hints of heaven upon your wings!

—*Harriett Prescott Spofford, in The Woman's Journal.*

Chicago—*Sinai Congregation.* At the forty-third annual meeting of this strong congregation, held on the 4th inst., encouraging reports were read from all departments, the treasurer's aggregate showing an annual disbursement of $32,468. The recommendation of the retiring board, enforced by the strong speech of the minister that steps be taken towards securing a suitable site and building a new temple, was unanimously adopted. This year the pulpit season will end May 1, Dr. Hirsch and his wife sailing soon after for a long vacation in Europe. Hard work tells even on Dr. Hirsch, and this emphatic let-up will doubtless bring the tired man home ready for his new tasks and larger undertakings.

The University of Chicago—The preacher at the University for the month of April is to be the Rev. Marion D. Shutter, pastor of the Universalist Church of Minneapolis.

Foreign Notes.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.—While waiting from day to day with very little authentic information as to details of what is actually transpiring in the Far East, it is interesting to turn from the contradictory rumors, and the varying prognostications of European military "experts" and see how the struggle appears from an Asiatic point of view. A recent editorial in *New India* gives us this purely oriental presentation of the case as follows:

"We look upon this war as what the ancients called a war of *Dharma.* The word *Dharma* in Sanskrit, means much more than what is understood by the English term religion. In English we do not say that fire, or water, or air has a religion of its own, but in Sanskrit, and in all the Indian vernaculars derived from Sanskrit, the word *Dharma* is freely used in reference to these elements. The *Dharma* of fire is heat, of water fluidity, of air motion. Applied to man *Dharma* means what Emerson would call the law of his being. Applied to nations, it means their essential race-consciousness, the peculiar social and thought structures of the different peoples,—the peculiar types of culture and civilization which they severally represent. The war of *Dharma,* therefore, means essentially a war that is waged for the preservation of the integrity of national types and civilizations. The war-of-*Dharma* in ancient India, meant a war that had to be undertaken for the protection of the rites of national religion, and the preservation of the social institutes and ordinances of the people. In the earlier, ethnic stage, these constitute the essential elements of every national life; and it is through these that the particular and typical culture and character of the nation seeks to express and develop itself. Gradually, in course of social evolution, with the expansion and spiritualization of both religious and social ideals, the earlier ritualism falls into disuse, and social life gradually tends to lose its outer and older differentiations from that of neighboring communities. But through all these changes, the special type of the race is fully maintained and gradually developed, lending a peculiar impress of its own to national philosophy, national religion, national art and national character. In these more developed stages, the war-of-*Dharma* means a war that is undertaken for the preservation of the integrity of national types and national civilizations. Japan is just now engaged in such a war. Her war, therefore, is essentially, a war of *Dharma,* and those who may die in this war, fighting for *Dharma,* 'will gain the sovereignty of the three-worlds.'

"The advance of Russia in Eastern Asia is a menace to the national life and autonomy of both China and Japan; it is a menace to the particular type of culture and civilization represented by these two mighty Mongolian peoples; nay, more, it is a menace to the integrity of Asiatic life and Asiatic culture, and Asiatic civilization in general. Japan has bravely stood up not only for her own political life, or her own commercial privileges, but for the integrity of the entire Asiatic thought and Asiatic ideal. Every Asiatic race is, therefore, more or less vitally interested in this conflict. The fall of Japan would spell now the utter destruction of the Hope of Asia. It is, therefore, that the eyes of awakened Asiatics are now fixed on the small spot on the map of Eastern Asia, which forms, at present, the centre of this great conflict, and all hearts are going up in prayer and supplication to the throne of the Almighty, for the victory of this brave nation who have stood forward for the preservation of Asiatic integrity and Asiatic ideals.

"Russia represents Europe, as Japan represents Asia. Russia represents a type of civilization, an ideal which is very different from what has been attained and sought after, through countless ages, by the Asiatic races. A fusion of these types is no doubt needed for the expansion and deepening of the life of Universal Humanity, but this fusion, to be healthy, must be effected through friendly federation and intercourse, but not through conquest. How conquest and imperialism fail to assimilate the higher elements in the life and culture of subject nationalities has been proved conclusively in the British convention with India. Thoughts and ideals are transmitted from equals to equals alone; and refuse all healthy interchange between a subject and a sovereign people. The autonomy and independence of Asia must therefore be preserved as much for the Asiatics as for the Europeans,—must be preserved in the interest of universal culture and Universal Humanity. This Universal Humanity, at once visible and invisible, at once having not one, but many forms and yet essentially formless,—this is the body, the Real Presence of the Deity. Whosoever raises his hand to destroy the least little limb in this Divine Body, raises it against God Himself, and stands for the time being an outlaw in God's Kingdom. The Jap, the Chinese, the Turk, the Burman, the Indian,—nay even the Hottentot and the Zulu, though standing on the lowest rungs of the ladder of progress,—are all as vital limbs of Universal Humanity as are the Anglo-Saxon, or the Teuton, or the Slav. Humanity cannot allow the least of these to be crushed under the heels of even the greatest and the best. Japan stands, threfore, not only for the Asiatics, but for all the non-white races of the world, and her success would mean the proclamation of a new gospel, more glorious than has as yet been preached by the greatest and most saintly of God's children,—to all the lower and weaker cultures and nationalities. European methods of civilizing the lower races have failed. It is now time to try the gentler Asiatic methods that succeeded in civilizing Japan herself, as well as the aborigines of India. And the success of Japan means these opportunities once again for Asia. It is, therefore, that our heart goes out to Japan in her present trial and we are daily praying to God that, in

his mercy and wisdom, He may be pleased to grant her victory and strength."

These are strong and earnest words, some of which fit on well to the "ethnologist's protest" given last week. The pathos of the situation lies in the fact that this voice does not come from one of the dominant or "Christian" races. M. E. H.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of UNITY:

May I call the attention of your readers, and of Post Office Mission workers, to the series of excellent tracts issued by the Unity Publishing Committee, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago? These tracts represent especially the development of Unitarian thought in the West, but now that there is no longer a "Western Issue," they ought to find a warm welcome in all our churches. It is hardly too much to say that, although many of them have been in print for a number of years, they represent very closely the present advance, and some of them sound a prophetic note of things to which we have not yet attained. Some sermons and essays of permanent value, not easily to be found elsewhere, like Dr. Savage's "The Change of Front in the Universe," Col. Higginson's "The Sympathy of Religions," and Mr. Gannett's "The Faith of Ethics and the Thought of God," are included in the series. Also there are four incomparable anthologies of the best thoughts of Channing, Emerson, Parker and Martineau, which everyone ought to have who cares for the best and highest that the liberal faith has produced. The tracts are not published free of charge, like those of the American Unitarian Association, but the price is small, especially when bought in quantity. Post Office Mission Committees and others, I am sure, would find it worth their while to send a postal to the address given above, for a list of these admirable publications. RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

St. Paul, Minn.

Sacrificial Religion.

I beg leave to say I hardly concur in the idea advanced in the second note in UNITY of March 21. It sounds too much like some of Ingersoll's inconsiderate flings. Our fore-elders were not so deep, sinister and designing. In their simplicity and ignorance they were yet honest and sincere in their religious purposes and rites. At least we should assume that they were. Their faith in God was not worm-eaten with doubts as ours is today. There is something sacred in the idea involved in their sacrifices. They felt that they were dependents and debtors; and what nobler evidence could they give of their recognition thereof than to take their best lamb, or other valuable possession, and sacrifice it, utterly destroy it, suffer the utter loss of it? It was a witness to their contrition, their submission, their indebtedness; and if accompanied by repentance, and the resolution to live nobler, truer, saner lives afterward, was the best they could do; was educative; uplifting. Of a thing so sacred and pathetic, when viewed rightly, I would not speak or think irreverently. Of priestcraft I have nothing to say, except that originally the priest also was probably honest. Quite likely at first he was the village teacher—the craft came later. I cannot fitly express my dim ideas of the great subject and law of sacrifice; but it is the most sacred of all thoughts and lies at the base of all true altruism, all true religion; and however crudely understood, or basely environed, has its origin in charity and unselfishness. MAYLON JONES.

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Announcements.

Pulpit notices, lecture announcements in Chicago or elsewhere, "Wants" of churches or ministers, or "Personals" of interest to UNITY readers are invited for this column.

LECTURES AND PULPIT SUPPLY—Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley has a number of lectures on literary and social topics and is prepared to supply pulpits in the absence of the regular pastor. Address 196 E. Forty-fourth street, Chicago. Telephone, 1671 Drexel.

LECTURES AND COMMENCEMENT ADDRESSES—Mr. Leslie Willis Sprague, of Montclair, N. J., lecturer for the American Society of University Extension; the Brooklyn Institute, the Aldine Bureau, etc., will be in the west for two weeks in June and will be prepared to deliver commencement addresses and lectures on literary and social topics. For topics, dates, terms, etc., address 82 North Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N. J.

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